

No.
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April
'76
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MAD

IND

OUR PRICE

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CHEAP



THE CASTAWAY



MAD

"Still waters run deep...but they're usually stagnant!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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We just can't understand how you clad readers can continue to discount this offer of full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, which are suitable for framing, or wrapping fish, or training puppies, or lining bird cages. So maybe this appeal will reduce your resistance, and you'll send 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, \$1.55 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81 to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



JAW'D

I enJAW'D your satire on the movie of the year!

Bruce Leibowitz
Spring Valley, N.Y.

As a new-gummer to your magazine, you could say I cut my teeth on "JAW'D" and choked with laughter at every bite! Are you always so inspired by rich, melodic music?

Marsha Clarke
S. Orange, N.J.

I was reading "JAW'D" in the tub when the movie theme coincidentally emanated from my radio. I got out of my bath, but fast!

Bob Workman
Allison Park, Pa.

Peter Benchley's JAWS, compared to Drucker and Siegel's "JAW'D", is just a bad case of overbite.

Joe Lanfrank
West Orange, N.J.

Your fish story stunk!

Brian Peck
La Mesa, Calif.

As a projectionist of a local theatre, I had the nauseating pleasure of, twice nightly, showing and watching Universal's "JAWS" for twelve disgusting weeks. Also, for 12 shaking weeks, I had headaches twice nightly thanks to another Universal "movie", namely "Earthquake". I deeply appreciate your insane, hilarious and long-awaited attacks on these shows!

Alan Sanders
Senior Projectionist
Grandview Cinema
Odessa, Texas

MIRTHQUAKE

Dick De Bartolo and Angelo Torres did a smashing job on "Mirthquake". When my family read it, it really brought down the house!

Ricky Ortega
San Juan Capistrano, Calif.

Dick De Bartolo's writing gave me such a tremor, my nervous system registered a devastating 8.0 on the Richter Scale!

Rick Pleva
Camp Hill, Pa.

"Mirthquake" really cracked me up!
Eleanor Gallagher
Philadelphia, Pa.

MAD'S CIA AGENT OF THE YEAR

Paul Coker, Jr. and Lou Silverstone have done it again with their unflinching (but hilarious) "MAD's CIA Agent Of The Year". It ranks with the other great "MAD Interviews" . . . the "Liberal Family" and the "Middle American Family Of The Year", which they teamed up on. What's next? "MAD's KGV Agent Of The Year"?

Ed Keane
Worcester, Mass.

The caricature and selection of Joan Baez as guest interviewer was a master-stroke!

Ava Finnerty
Bayonne, N.J.

RESTAURANT SUPPLY CATALOGUE

"Restaurant Supply Catalogue" is one of the many glories of MAD, putting our suspicions in a visual and laughable form.

Mike Carlton
Covina, Calif.

It was a pleasure sending the Koch-Clarke "Ripoff Cafe" article to my neighborhood Ripoff Cafe!

Clark Geiss
Birmingham, Mich.

THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

I would like to know if before writing a movie satire do you see the movie?

Steve Slater
Tampa, Fla.

No, we write the satire first . . . and then we see the movie!—Ed.

MAD IN GERMANY

We have Ordered der German Folk to Buy der German MAD. 350,000 German Folk have Obeyed der Order. We will Punisch der Rest.

Klaus Recht
Publisher, German MAD
Hamburg, Germany



German MAD Publisher Klaus Recht

MAD E.S.P.?

More MAD E.S.P.? Yes! Back in 1972, issue #150, to be exact, you had an article "When TV Makes Full Use Of Howard Cosell". Bet you thought that was far-fetched? Howard Cosell did get his own TV variety show. You people are either just plain clairvoyant or just plain sadistic!

Gregg Fylpaa
Huntington Beach,
Calif.

6th GRADERS GO MAD

I am in 6th Grade in my school where I signed up for a class called "The Annotated MAD Magazine." In my class I am reading old MADs and learning the history of MAD.

Walter Willenkin
San Francisco, Calif.

You're working toward an M.A.D. degree?
—Ed.

TIME DRAGS...TIME FLIES

Regarding Hart and Rickard's "Time Drags . . . Time Flies . . .", Time drags while you're waiting for the next issue of MAD . . . Time flies while you're reading it! Or is it the other way around?

Julie Sand
Wayne, N.J.

Time drags until your mother throws your MAD into the garbage.

Art Braunschweiger
Murray Hill, N.J.

DON MARTIN BEATS THE COST OF GAS

"Don Martin Beats The High Cost Of Gasoline" was lead free and good on mileage!

Steve La Grange
Northwood, Calif.

Don Martin should get tanked more often!

Tom Pritchard
Ocean Grove, N.J.

Don Martin is a marked man if the oil moguls ever catch up with him!

Peter Jepsen
Newtonville, Mass.

THROUGH FRANK PERDUE'S KEYHOLE

Enjoyed your "A MAD Peek Through Frank Perdue's Keyhole". But then, I was always a drumstick man!

Richard Kyle
Long Beach, Calif.

You should have shown more through the keyhole. If you ask me, photographer Tony Garcia really *cooped out!*

Adam Derman
Metuchen, N.J.

You were too chicken to show the rest!
Alfred Rowohl
Castleton on Hudson,
N.Y.

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scraping the **BOTTOM OF THE BARREL**, okay?



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- Return of MAD Old Movies
- MAD-Vertising
- A MAD Look at TV
- AL JAFFEE's Snappy Answers
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- More AL JAFFEE Snappy Answers
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MAD's Turned-On Zoo

Clod's Letters To MAD

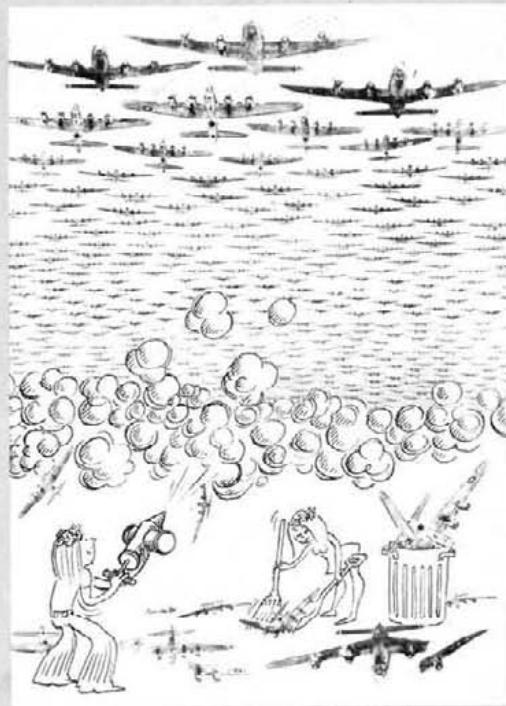
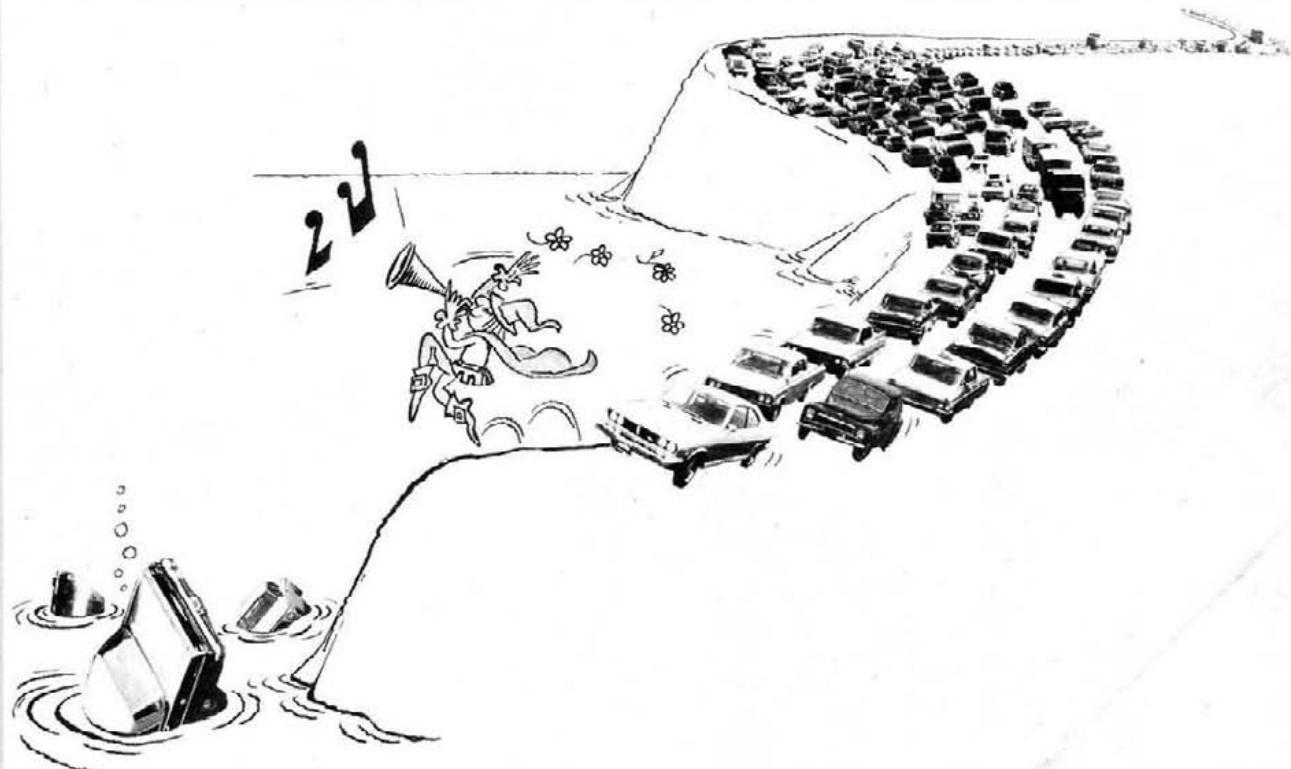
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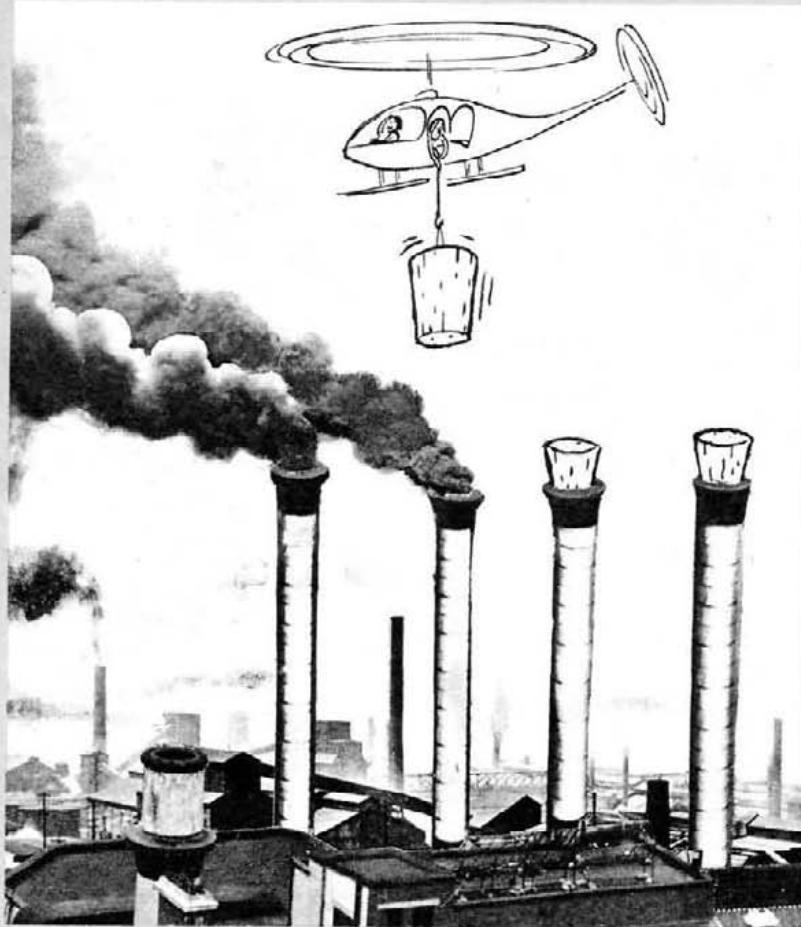
A MAD PORTFOLIO OF... **SOME IDE**

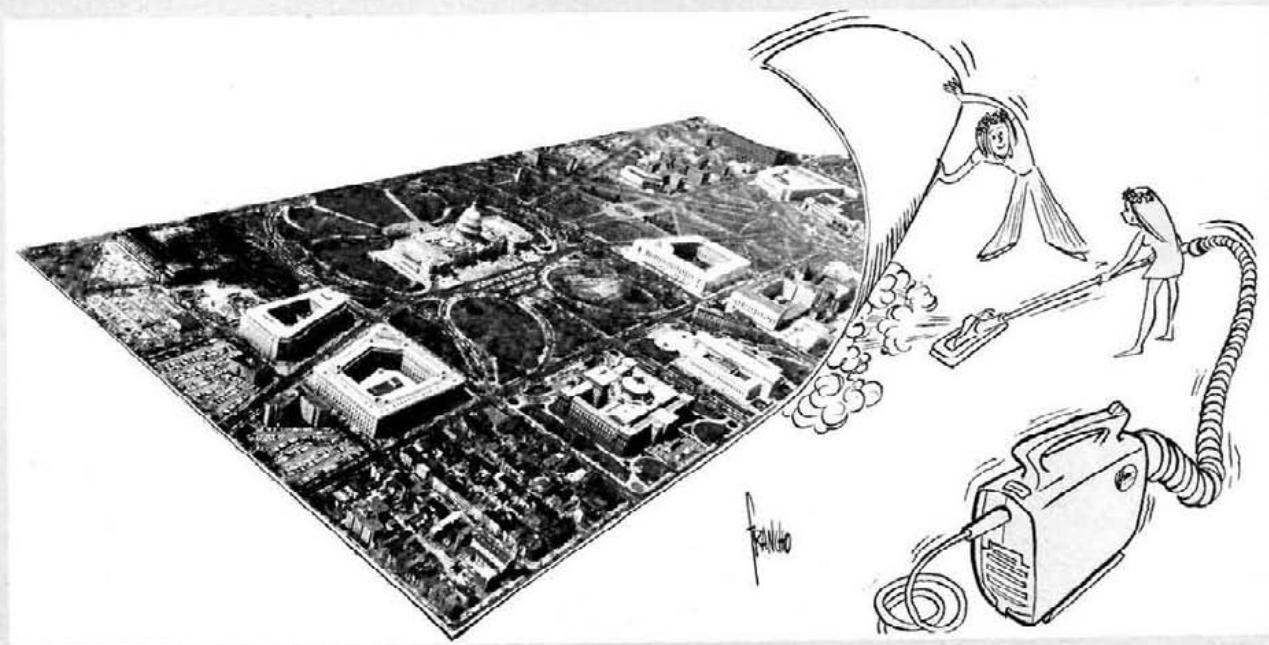


ALISTS' DREAMS

ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

PHOTO BY: UPI





THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR TRILLS DEPT.

Want to make a successful "Musical"? Then take a novel like "Don Quixote" and turn it into "Man of La Mancha"...or take a play like "Pygmalion" and turn it into "My Fair Lady". Want to make an even more successful Musical? Then take fantastically successful movies...like "The Godfather"...and "Towering Inferno"...and "Jaws"...and turn them into Musicals! Which is exactly what we've done in this next article, wherein MAD proudly presents

NEW MUSICALS BASED ON BIG MOVIES

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE MOB'S ALL HERE

Based On "The Godfather"

"Godfather, Godfather,
You we obey!
From you we've learned
Crime sure does pay!
Godfather, Godfather,
Give us the word
On who gets rubbed out
Today!"

"Godfather, Godfather,
We show respect!
We kiss your ring!
We genuflect!
One day a sculptor will
Cast you in bronze
Because you're the
Don of Dons!"

"We...toast...you
With glasses of Vino
We...kneel...when
You sit on the throne!
You're...big-ger
Than Carlo Gambino and
Ten times more famous
Than Al Capone!"

"Godfather, Godfather,
Won't you proclaim
Who we should kill?
Who we should maim?
Each time we
Mur-der
We hon-or
Your name!"

"So...
Let's make some hits!
Blow out some brains!
Blast 'em to bits!
Strangle 'em, too!
And make all our
Dreams...
Come...true!"



*Sung to the tune of "Matchmaker, Matchmaker"

MORT
DRUCKER

Ah, my sons! Sonny . . . a vicious psychopathic killer, and the light of my life! Fredo . . . weak and spineless, but he moves well with his left! And Michael . . . who repays my love with the one thing I can't stand . . . DECENCY!

But, Pop!
All I
really
want is
"The Good
Life!"

Michael, as
you'll learn
from this
next
number,
this IS "The
Good Life!"

*Life is a treat
In the Mafia:
Rackets are sweet
In the Mafia;
Bigshots you'll meet
In the Mafia;
And how you'll eat
In the Mafia!

I
think a
young
man
should
go
straight!

How
can
you
be
such
an
in-grate?

I'm
no
be-
liever
in
Mob
rule!

I
think
you
went
to
the
wrong
school!



*Sung to "I Like It Here In America"

You'll have it made
In the Mafia!
Be highly paid
In the Mafia!
Learn to "persuade"
In the Mafia!
That's a skilled trade
In the Mafia!

I
want to
work
hard
and
go
straight!

I
can't
conceive
of
a
worse
fate!

I'll
make you
proud
of
what
I've
done!

How
could
I
have
such
a
bad
son?

You'll testify
In the Mafia!
Crimes you'll deny
In the Mafia!
You'll never fry
In the Mafia!
Judges we buy
In the Mafia!

I'll
buy
a
business
and
go
straight!

Join
me!
I'll
buy you
the
whole
State!

Rackets
and
dope
just
aren't
my
line!

Pack
up
and
move.
'cause
you're
not
mine!



Fellow Dons! I've called
you here so that we can
put an end to the gang
wars and the bloodshed!

But why are we meeting
here . . . in a restaurant?

You must be a NEW Don! Don't you
know that there's something even
more important to a Mafia Boss than
all the drugs and hijacking and
gambling and prostitution . . . ?!

What's that?!

FOOD!!

*Cold antipasto and
Hot minestrone,
Plates of lasagna and
Sliced provolone,
Cheese ravioli that's
Smothered with sauce—
This is a snack for a
Mafia Boss!

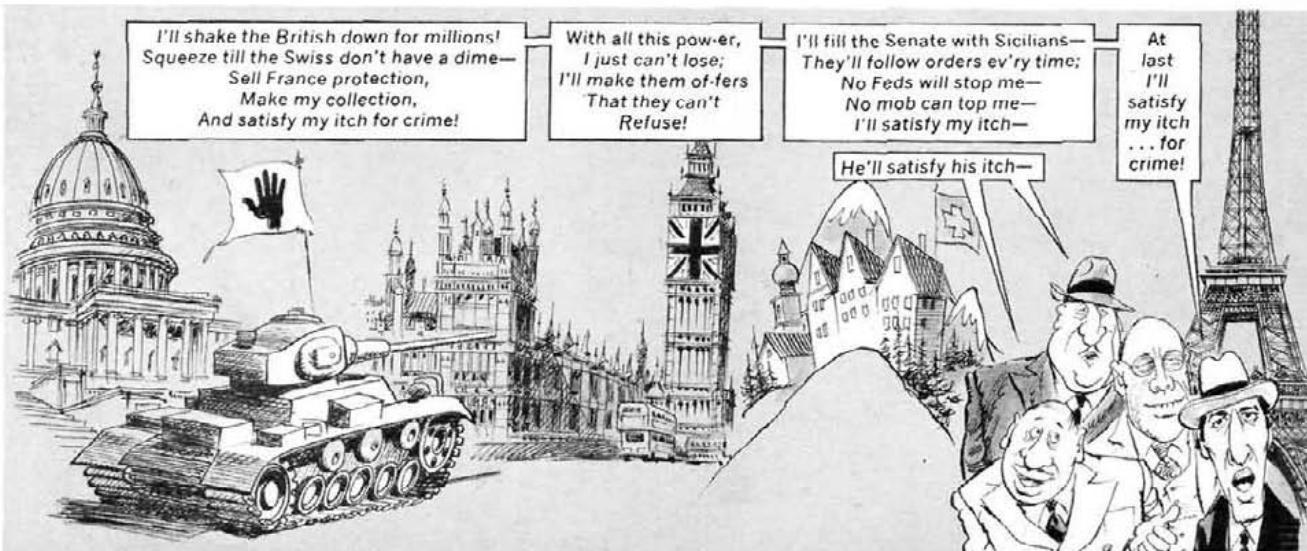
Shrimp marinara and
Veal scallopini,
Fried calamari that's
Served with zucchini,
Chewed while discussing our
Profit and loss—
This is a snack for a
Mafia Boss!



*Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things"



*Sung to the tune of "Get Me To The Church On Time"



THE SHARK AND I

Based On "Jaws"

To scream the incredible scream—
To cry the hysterical cry—
To shriek—while a shark drags you under—
To know that you're going to—**ARGGHHH!!!**



*Sung (briefly) to "The Impossible Dream"

Chief . . . as the town's leading businessmen, we want you to put an end to these **SHARK RUMORS!**

RUMORS . . . ?!
A girl's been **KILLED!!** How many deaths can this island take?

Of **PEOPLE** . . . plenty!
Or our **BUSINESSES** . . . none!
You see—



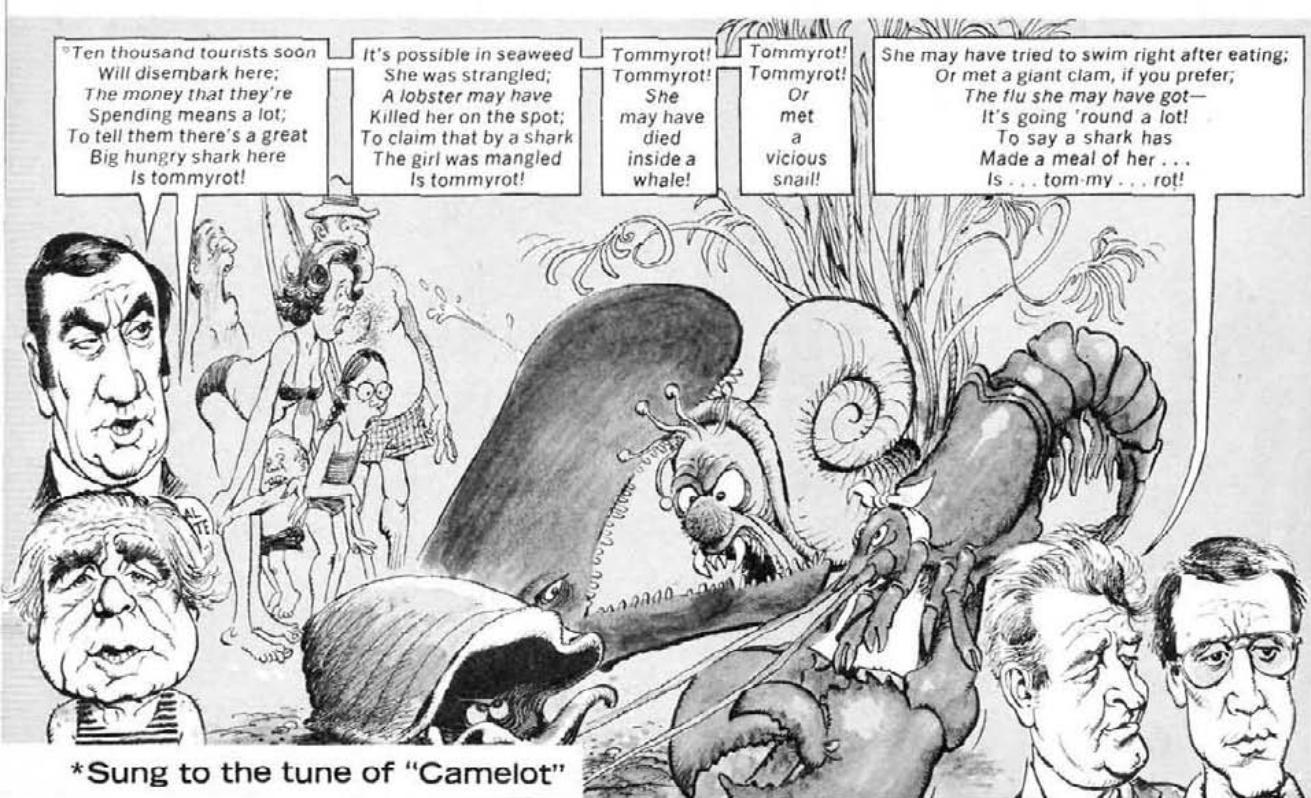
Ten thousand tourists soon
Will disembark here;
The money that they're
Spending means a lot;
To tell them there's a great
Big hungry shark here
Is tommyrot!

It's possible in seaweed
She was strangled;
A lobster may have
Killed her on the spot;
To claim that by a shark
The girl was mangled
Is tommyrot!

Tommyrot!
Tommyrot!
She
may have
died
inside a
whale!

Tommyrot!
Tommyrot!
Or
met
a
vicious
snail!

She may have tried to swim right after eating;
Or met a giant clam, if you prefer;
The flu she may have got—
It's going 'round a lot!
To say a shark has
Made a meal of her . . .
Is . . . tom-my . . . rot!



*Sung to the tune of "Camelot"

Hooper . . . you're an Oceanographer and an expert on sharks! I want a detailed, scientific explanation of shark behavior!

It's very complicated, but I'll try . . .

•JAWS —a mouth, a great big mouth!

TEETH —those things that kind of crunch!

BITE —the way sharks say "Hello"!

US —his fav'rite quickie lunch!

BLOOD which turns the ocean red!

CHOMP —which makes a swimmer pause!

GLUB —which means the shark's been fed!

Which brings us back to JAWS!



*Sung to the tune of "Do Re Mi"

Men, the shark is closing in for his attack! Does everyone know what he's supposed to do?

I'm going to lower myself into the water and stab him with a poisoned harpoon . . . the odds of bringing this off being 100,000-to-1!

I'm going to get sea-sick, after which I'll crouch, frozen in fear, while the shark tears our boat in half!

Boy, am I sorry I asked!



THE SHARK'S GOT ME! KILL HIM, MAN! Kill Him!!

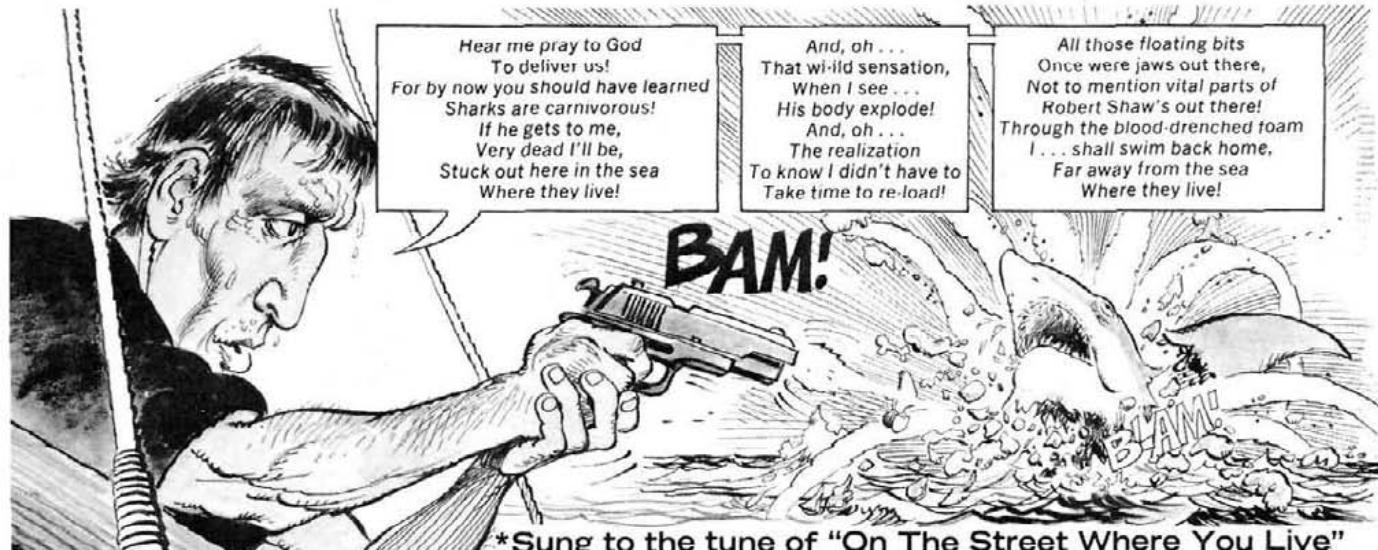
•I have never felt such great fear before;
I have also never sung to sharks out here before;
This one's out to kill,
And I'm sure he will,
'Cause I'm here in the sea where they live!



Hear me pray to God
To deliver us!
For by now you should have learned
Sharks are carnivorous!
If he gets to me,
Very dead I'll be,
Stuck out here in the sea
Where they live!

And, oh . . .
That wi-ld sensation,
When I see . . .
His body explode!
And, oh . . .
The realization
To know I didn't have to
Take time to re-load!

All those floating bits
Once were jaws out there,
Not to mention vital parts of
Robert Shaw's out there!
Through the blood-drenched foam
I . . . shall swim back home,
Far away from the sea
Where they live!



*Sung to the tune of "On The Street Where You Live"

GO TO BLAZES!

Based On "The Towering Inferno"

Welcome to the Grand Opening of The Glass Tower! I know you're burning with curiosity, and afame with excitement! So let me tell you—

We could not wait To ded-i-cate This great enormous Spire! The show we've got Is really hot, 'Cause the Building is on Fire!

On fire! On fire! The building is on fire!

It's really grand That you're on hand In all your fine Attire! A bar-b-e-cue We've planned for you, 'Cause we Can't put out the Fire!

The fire! The fire! They can't put out the fire!

We're very high Up in the sky, No building reaches Higher! I'm sure no one Will eat and run 'Cause we're Trapped here in the Fire!

The fire! The fire! We're trapped here in the fire!



*Sung to the tune of "They Call The Wind Mariah"

The flames, I fear, Will soon be near, And then we will perspire; I'll share my can Of Ultra-Ban While we die here in the fire!

The fire! The fire! We'll die here in the fire!

Where did the fire start . . . ?

In the Acme Turpentine Co.!

THAT's no problem!

Then it spread to the Ajax Cigarette Lighter Fluid Co.!

And THAT's no problem!

And now it's headed for the residence of a Mrs. O'Leary, who owns a cow!

Now THAT could be a problem!





CHEAP SHOTS DEPT.

BEAT THE RECESSION
WITH THESE HELPFUL

MAD PENNY



Buy your perishables before week-end closing time . . . when you can bargain.



Have your kids bring home their Free School Lunch leftovers in Doggie Bags.



If necessary, use alternate means of long-distance communications.

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.



Have your kids design and execute . . . and then hand deliver . . . your family's Christmas Cards.



Eliminate unnecessary Doctor bills. Brush up on "Home Remedies" and take care of your family's minor medical problems by yourself.



Give your family homemade haircuts.



Spray on socks with washable paint.

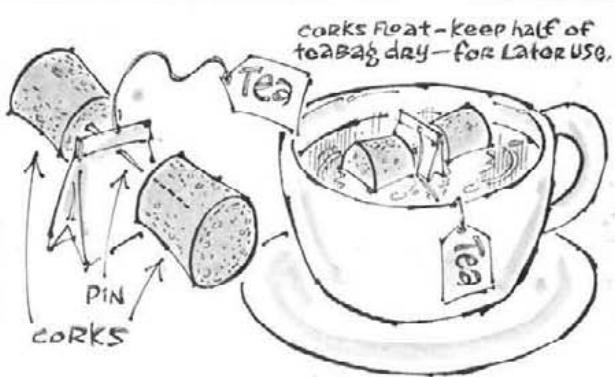


Grow or produce your own Gourmet food.

-PINCHING HUNTS



Encourage your kids to build appropriate Birthday, Wedding or Bar Mitzvah gifts in your home (or their school) workshop.



Invent clever money-saving methods like this "Teabag-Saver" which keeps half the teabag dry for later use.

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



When in need of professional advice, try consulting experts casually at parties.



For entertainment, return to the simple (and cheap) ways of yore.



Give your kids interest-bearing notes instead of their usual cash allowance.



Save fuel by saving hot water. Bathe "Japanese Family Style."



Drop in on your rich relatives during their mealtimes.



Use any available free transportation.



Keep your food budget low. Tell disgusting stories at the table.



Scan local newspapers and clip those special "Sale" and "Money-off" coupons.



Eliminate expensive reading material! Send for interesting free Government pamphlets.



Start wearing old, patched clothes . . . and pretend you're "with it."

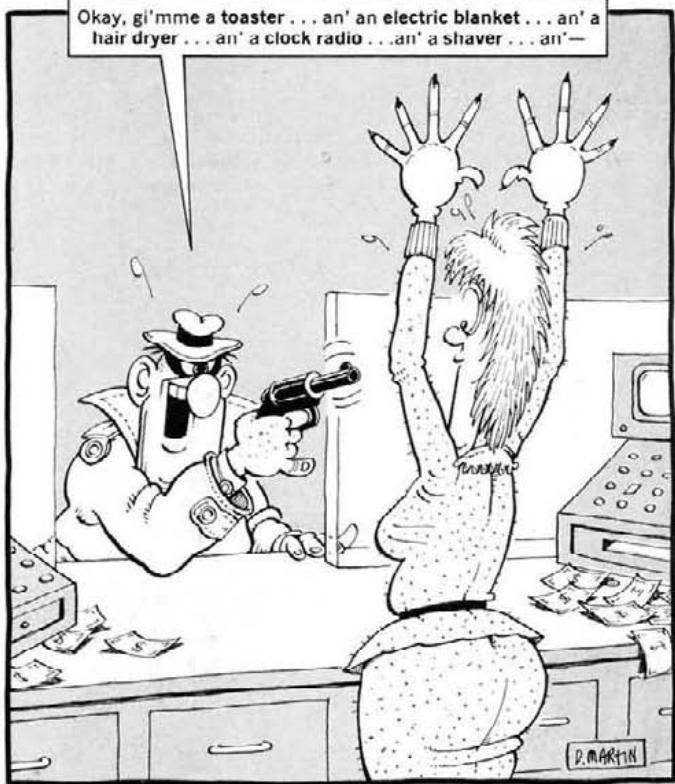


Get together with your neighbors and friends and form "Magazine Pools."



Make your own toilet paper.

EARLY ONE MORNING DOWNTOWN



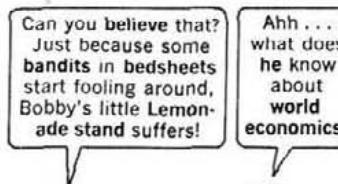
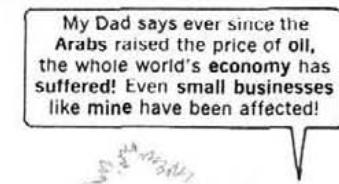


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

MAKING

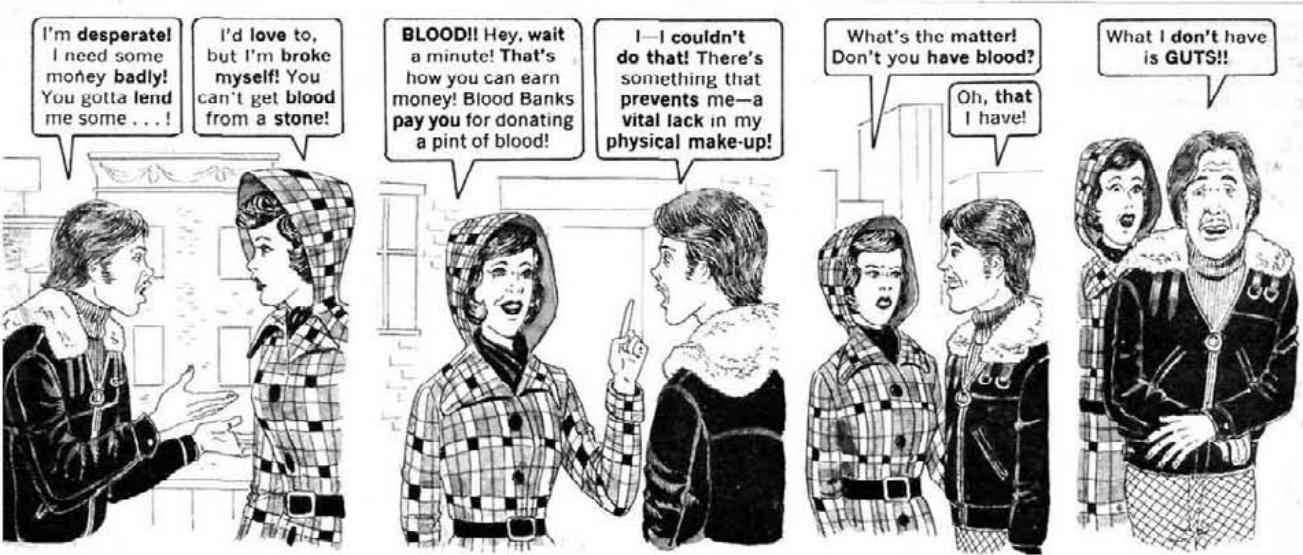




EXTRA MONEY

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG





And this is my Son . . . the clever entrepreneur! He collects old comic books and carefully preserves them in protective plastic bags! Go ahead, Son . . . tell Emily what they're worth!

Well, these comic books are Collectors' Items! I can sell them for big money at Comic Book Conventions! For instance, I could get \$300 for this old "Superman" comic . . . and \$250 for this old "Batman" comic . . .

. . . and \$500 for this "Shock SuspenStories Number Three" . . . and \$1000 for this "Panic" . . .

Wow! You certainly are an enterprising young man! You're going to be worth a small fortune when you sell them!

SELL them?!! Are you out of your mind?!! I wouldn't give up a single one of these books for the world!



Will you look at that?! What is he . . . some kind of NUT?!!

No, he's a Professional Dog-Walker!

Isn't that a dangerous job . . . being around all those vicious dogs?

It's about the safest job you can get nowadays!

What mugger would dare attack him with all that protection?



Sir, I'll shovel the snow off your side walk for a reasonable price!

Son! You've got a deal!

I can't believe it! When I was a kid we made extra money by doing back-breaking work, but I thought kids of today were so spoiled and soft, they wouldn't ever take on manual labor jobs! Yet, here's a kid willing to work up a sweat!

You're right! He's working up a sweat all right . . .

That's a pretty long walk from our front door to his Father's gas powered snow-blower!!



Look, George! Stop the car! Somebody's having a Garage Sale . . . and you know how I simply adore Garage Sales!



People are suckers! They can't resist what they think are bargains . . . and they buy up all the junk other people are trying to get rid of!



And you're the worst sucker of all! You've spent a fortune on these stupid Garage Sales!

That's right, George!



Except that I'll make it all back with a profit, when I hold a Garage Sale of my own!



Hello, Sir! I'm working my way through college selling Greeting Cards!

I'm not interested!



We have lovely Christmas Cards, Birthday Cards, Anniversary Cards, Blessed Event Cards . . .

I don't like anybody well enough to bother sending such sentimental drivel!



We have Get Well Cards, Bon Voyage Cards, Welcome Home Cards, Good Luck Cards . . .

Bahh! Humbug! As far as I'm concerned, everybody can DROP DEAD!



Swell! And when they DO, we have this assortment of Condolence Cards!!



What in heck are you doing?

I'm earning extra cash by addressing envelopes for some sleazy outfit that supplies me with this Sucker List! But what the heck . . . money is money!

How MUCH money?

Three dollars a hundred!

What?!? Three dollars a HUNDRED?!? You call that money?!? That's slave labor! Gi'me that!

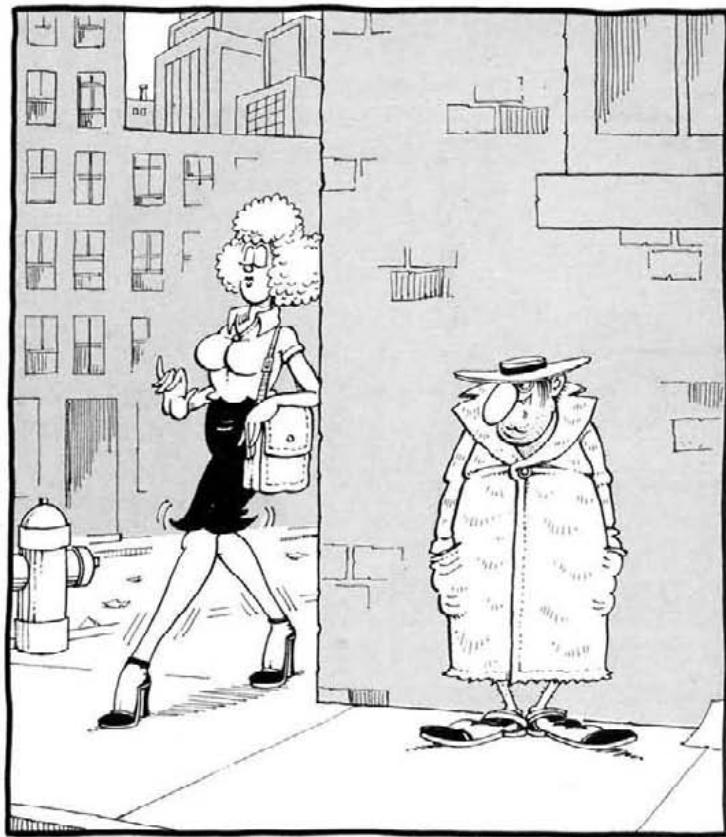
What are you doing?!

I'm adding your name to this SUCKER LIST!!



David Bero

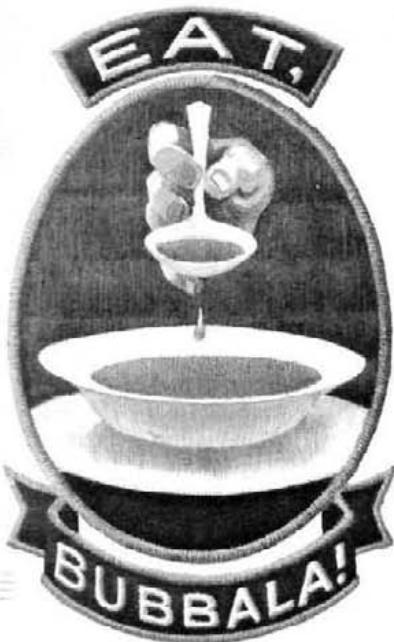
ONE FINE DAY AT THE CORNER OF SOUTH FINSTER BOULEVARD AND FONEBONE STREET



FOR THE SYMBOL-MINDED DEPT.

In order to identify themselves as members of certain military, social, sporting, environmental, ethnic and other special groups, many people proudly wear Shoulder Patches. Some people even wear Shoulder Patches and they don't belong to any group. But we're not concerned with those clods. What we are concerned with are the people who belong to certain groups and who do not wear Shoulder Patches because there aren't any. It's for these clods that we've designed this special collection of...

MAD



JEWISH MOTHERS



SLUM LANDLORDS



FAT PEOPLE



24 ALL-AMERICAN BIGOTS



LOSING COACHES



CHRONIC HYPOCHONDRIACS

SHOULDER PATCHES

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

PAY...OR I TELL!



NOSEY KID BROTHERS (OR SISTERS)

I ONLY GOT
TWO HANDS!



HARASSED WAITRESSES



MAFIA MEMBERS

IF, GOD FORBID...



AGGRESSIVE INSURANCE SALESMEN

DONT PACK ME IN!

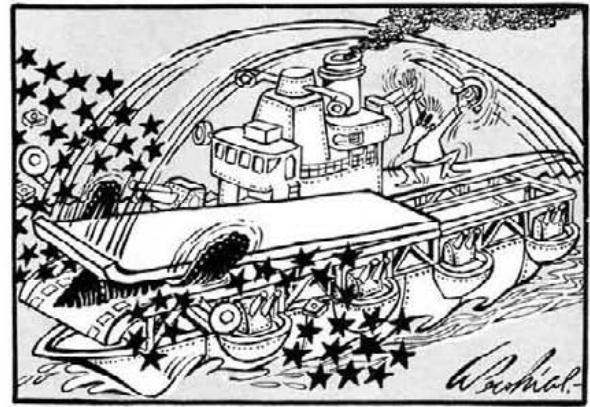
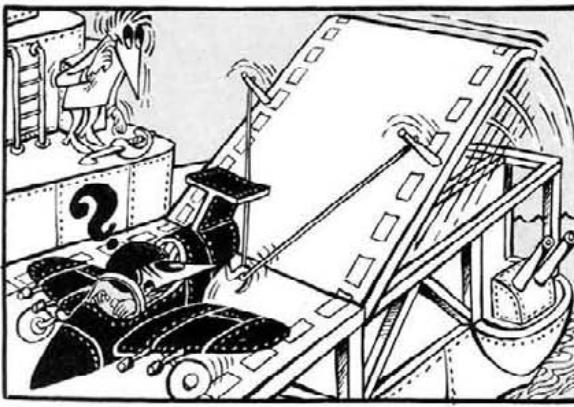
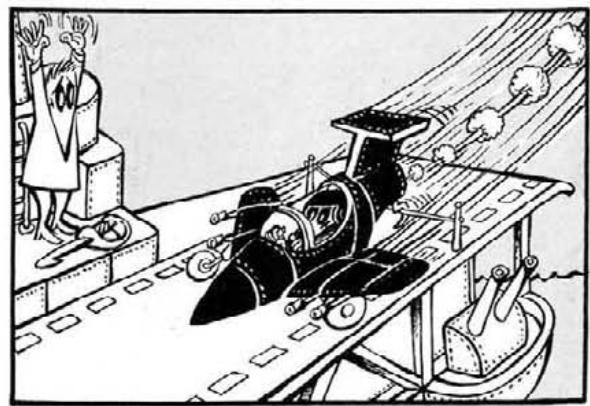
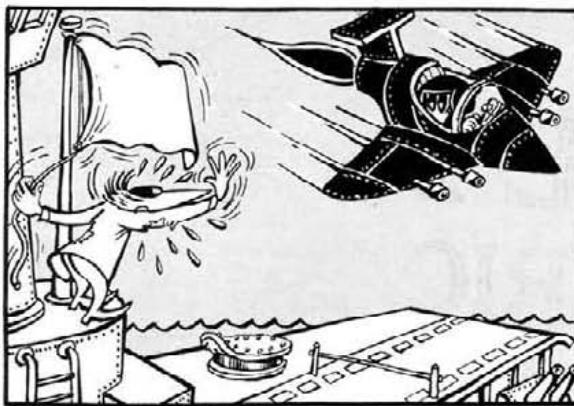
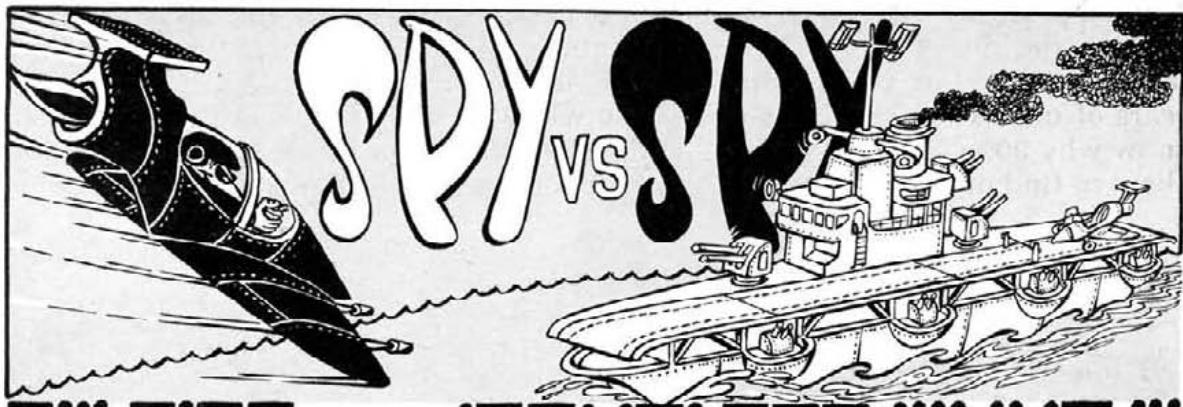


SUBWAY OR BUS RIDERS

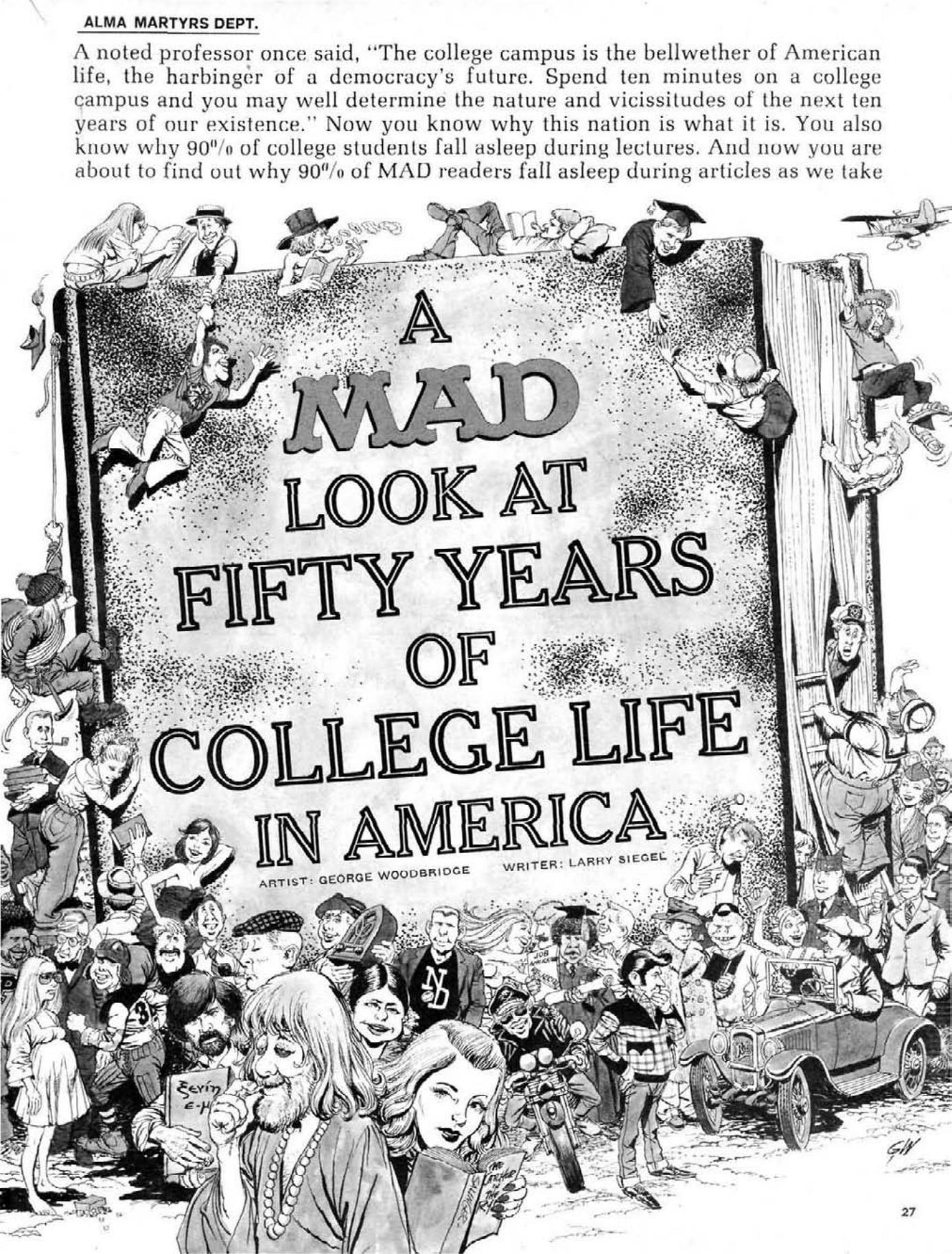
@@!#&*%!



DOG-HATING CITY DWELLERS



A noted professor once said, "The college campus is the bellwether of American life, the harbinger of a democracy's future. Spend ten minutes on a college campus and you may well determine the nature and vicissitudes of the next ten years of our existence." Now you know why this nation is what it is. You also know why 90% of college students fall asleep during lectures. And now you are about to find out why 90% of MAD readers fall asleep during articles as we take



A
MAD
LOOK AT
FIFTY YEARS
OF
COLLEGE LIFE
IN AMERICA

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '20'S

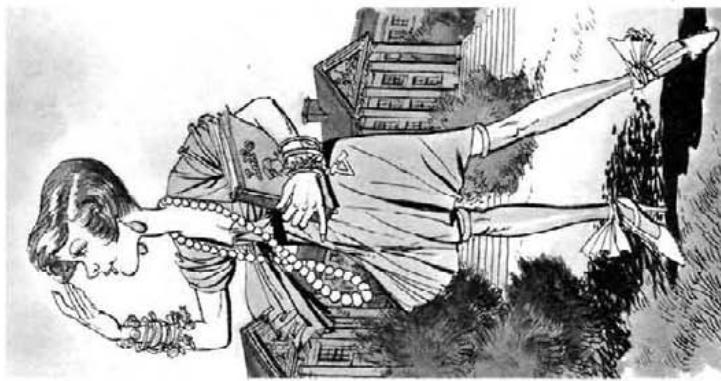
The Roaring Twenties has always been known as a "fun decade." There was prosperity in the country, everyone was loaded (with money...and on bootleg booze) and the nation was laughing and having a hell of a time. Helping to make us laugh were some of the great comics of the day: Amos 'n Andy, Laurel and Hardy, and of course the silent little man with the baggy pants—perhaps the greatest clown of them all—Calvin Coolidge.

The mood of fun prevailed on our college campuses. Frivolity and light-heartedness filled the lecture halls and the science labs. It was not unusual to see someone take a swing from a hip flask, sneak into a Political Science class, set off a stink bomb, and run giggling out the door. But if you think the *professors* had fun, you should have seen the *students*.

The hilarity never ceased at the fraternity and sorority houses. Students listened to jazz, drank home-made gin, and danced the Charleston and the Shimmy. Still it wasn't all fun and games. At seven each night frat brothers used to gather in the study halls for some very serious and important business. Namely, swatting pledges on their rear ends with huge paddles for five or six hours. (But more about Sex in the 20's later.)



In the evenings after the big football games, guys and flappers used to take walks in the moonlight. (Remember when we said more about Sex in the 20's later? This is later.) Then they'd lie down on blankets and smooch and spoon and kiss. But it seldom went further than that. This was generally due to the strict moral codes of the students in those days, a desire to save themselves for the sanctity of marriage. And besides you try getting anywhere in a 20 pound raccoon coat. But some students managed to score. ("To find out how this was done, see the famous treatise on Campus Sex in the 20's: 'How To Make Out With Someone In A Raccoon Coat.' For a later view on the subject see the famous treatise on Campus Sex in the 60's: 'How To Make Out With A Raccoon.'")



This is another typical student. Notice the spiked heels, bracelets, long beads, and earrings. In the 20's, these were instantly recognizable as "flappers." Forty years later, they would be known as "bops."

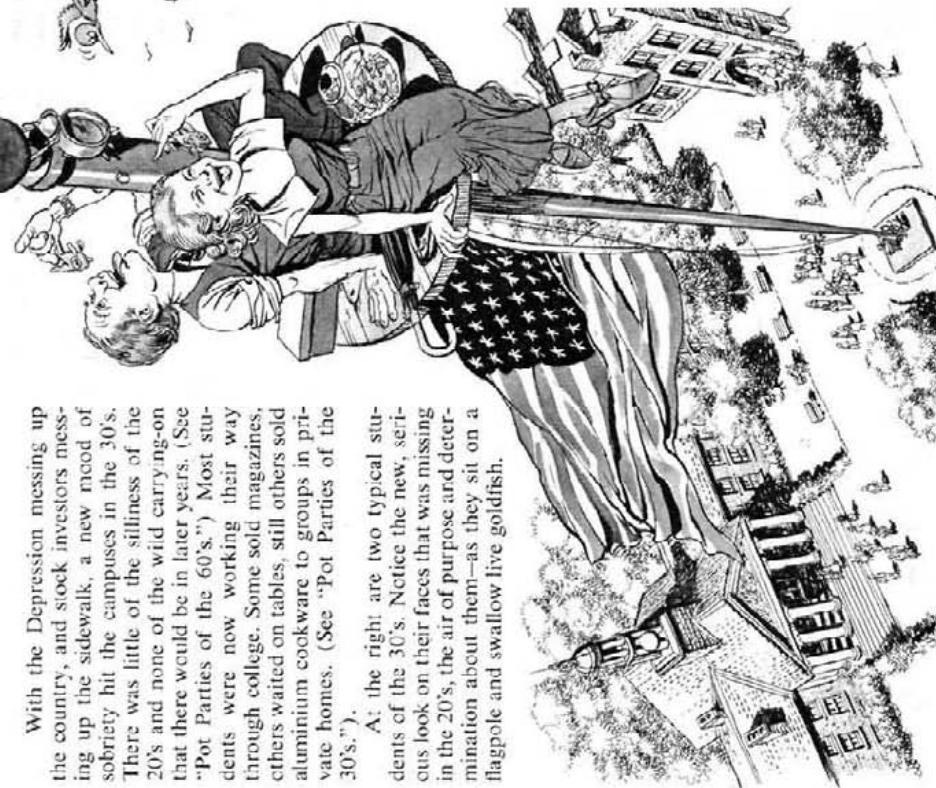


Here's a typical college sophomore in the 1920's. He was immaculately groomed. It took him an hour to shave and dress, and another thirty minutes of vigorous buffing, polishing, and shining with a shoe cloth. Then, when his hair was ready, he would work on his patent leather shoes.

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '30'S

With the Depression mudding up the country, and stock investors mudding up the sidewalk, a new mood of sobriety hit the campuses in the 30's. There was little of the silliness of the 20's and none of the wild carrying-on that there would be in later years. (See "Pot Parties of the 60's.") Most students were now working their way through college. Some sold magazines, others waited on tables, still others sold aluminium cookware to groups in private homes. (See "Pot Parties of the 30's".)

At the right are two typical students of the 30's. Notice the new, serious look on their faces that was missing in the 20's, the air of purpose and determination about them—as they sit on a flagpole and swallow live goldfish.



On weekends, students used to pile into a roadster (which was a car), gulp down hooch (which was booze) and try to make out in the rumble seat (which was impossible). With a whoop and a roar, they'd make the rounds of the speakeasies and then wind up in a Drive-In movie. It was great and it was fun, but then came the Big Crash. (Note: we're not referring to the Great Depression of the 20's, we're talking about the Big Crash in the lobby of the movie house. Because there were no Drive-In movies in those days. But that didn't stop these lovable goofos.)

Towards the end of the decade, fun-loving Calvin Coolidge retired from the White House and was replaced by an even greater comic named Herbert Hoover. He said hilarious things like, "A chicken in every pot," and people screamed with laughter and began jumping up and down. Then came the Great Depression, and people stopped jumping up. But they continued jumping down, usually out of high office buildings.

There wasn't nearly as much booze-drinking on campus now as there was in the 20's. It's nice to say that the socially-reawakened students now realized the dangers of alcohol and sublimated their drives in more productive channels. It's nice to say it all right, but it wasn't true. The reason they stopped drinking was because booze was now legal, and as we all know, it's never been fun for young people to do things they're *allowed* to do. Fortunately, however, sex crimes and murder were still illegal, so students had *something* to do on weekends. (But we'll go into Fun Hazing In Fraternities later.)

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '40'S

On college campuses, many students became very political-conscious and started looking for the right political party to join. They examined the record of the previous Republican administration and the current Democratic one, and then they made the obvious decision: they became Communists.

But despite hard times, students still had time for fun. They were singing songs like "The Music Goes Round and Round," and dancing The Big Apple, the Suzy-Q, and the Lambeth Walk. As for sex on campus, the 30's was known as a very romantic decade and college tradition played an important role in all this, as the following illustration indicates:



Here's a typical tradition-steeped scene on a typical college campus in the 30's. See if you can pick out the following: (1) Flirtation Walk; (2) Moonlight Bay; (3) The Kissing Rock. Answers: (1) Flirtation Walk is the ivy-covered walk on the left. (It got its name because couples used to flirt as they walked along the path.) (2) Moonlight Bay is the water in the background. (It got its name because couples used to row on it and smooch in the moonlight.) (3) The Kissing Rock is the gin on the right. (She got her name because, like most coeds in the 1930's, kissing her was just like kissing a rock.)

As the 30's drew to a close, the Great Depression began to wind down, and a general air of optimism prevailed on and off campus. But few people realized that a tyrant was about to come on the scene spreading bloody havoc wherever he went, and the world would never again be the same because of him. (But more about Frank Sinatra later.)

With the end of the Depression a new feeling of maturity hit the campus. This was particularly noticeable in fraternity life. The green, frightened pledge of 1939 entered the world of 1940 with a healthy new outlook. Never again would he have to undergo the humility of someone paddling his butt. Instead he would now dedicate himself to a better education, a keener understanding of humanity, and paddling someone else's butt.



The chief college meeting place in the 40's was the Campus Malt Shop. There, students nicknamed Beezie and Binky and Lillums sipped lime rickeys served up by Pop, the beloved proprietor, and then jitterbugged to "Mairzy Doats" and "The Three Little Fishies" on the juke box, while saying things like, "Hubba-hubba" and "Woo-woo, what a tomato!" Little did the country know that Germany and Japan were planning to take all this away from us at a fearsome price. Little did Germany and Japan know that we probably would have given them all this for nothing.

With the GI Bill of Rights in effect, there was an influx of thousands of veterans to colleges in the middle 40's. They came from fox-holes to campus quonset huts with a burning desire to learn. The first thing they learned was that quonset huts were so cramped and rotten, they sure missed their roomy fox-holes.



Happy little domestic scenes such as this sprang up for the first time on American campuses. Here we see a veteran student with his wife and two children. The chief question on the couple's mind was: Should he study law or medicine? Note: Similar happy domestic scenes of couples and their children were to emerge on campus in the 60's. The chief question on the couple's mind then would be: Should they or shouldn't they get married?

Among other things the 40's was known as the decade that unshackled the atom. But unknown to most of the world, the 50's would also be the decade in which they unleashed the Really Big Bombs. (But more about Eisenhower and Nixon in our next chapter.)

In late 1941 war was declared. (See "World War II And The College Student" for a study of the impact of war on student volunteers, who numbered in the thousands. For a later view on another struggle, see "The War In Vietnam And The College Student" for a study of the impact of war on student volunteers—both of them.)

America's first war in almost a quarter century had a profound effect on college life. No longer did carefree, happy-go-lucky students sit around the Malt Shop singing, "Mairzy Doats" and "The Three Little Fishies." Instead sober, more determined students now sat around the Malt Shop singing, "You're A Sap, Mr. Jap" and "Right In Der Fuehrer's Face."

For half a decade casualties mounted and America paid a terrible price to preserve our democracy. Men from college campuses contributed their share to the suffering. For example, here's a photo of some of the members of a typical fraternity, taken before the war. See the caption below to get an idea of the staggering casualties they suffered since then:



The men of the Zeta Maida Shiksah fraternity house. Left to right: The late Dink Dockstader; the late Pukki Petille; the late Arnold Haffener; the late Biff Klodd, the late Barney Boysenberry; the late Steve Zetts; the late Rick Guppy; the late Gupp Rickery; Harold Hopner (wounded in action); Ned Mussel (wounded in action); Gary Pivnick (wounded in action); Victor Stortz (wounded in action); and Irving Irving (missing and feared dead). Historical note: None of the fraternity members shown above were in the service. What happened was, during Rush Week in the fall of 1945, they tried to haze a prospective new pledge who turned out to have been a commando-paratrooper in Burma.

But as different as young people were, outwardly, from generation to generation, inwardly they were all looking for the same thing: fulfillment. The 1950's were no different.

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '50'S

For many years there had been rumors that there was no campus life in America in the 1950's. In fact there were also rumors that there was no life at all in this country in the 50's. Then along came Dwight D. Eisenhower, and the rumors proved to be true.



But seriously, folks, and fellow scholars, in 1950, two years before Eisenhower came on the scene, America was caught up in another war. Many young men went to Korea and vowed to come back. (Unfortunately they didn't.) Later on in the 50's, Vice President Richard Nixon went to Venezuela and vowed to come back. (Unfortunately, he did.)



But seriously, folks, and fellow scholars, in 1950, two years before Eisenhower came on the scene, America was caught up in another war. Many young men went to Korea and vowed to come back. (Unfortunately they didn't.) Later on in the 50's, Vice President Richard Nixon went to Venezuela and vowed to come back. (Unfortunately, he did.)

If the college students of the 20's were known as the Jazz Generation, and the 30's the Depression Generation, and the 40's the War Generation, the young people of the 50's were known as the Silent Generation. In fact silence was the key-word of the decade until a deadly new explosion ripped the atmosphere threatening all future life on the planet . . . which brings us to Rock 'n' Roll.

Not only was everyone dancing dreamily to the haunting strains of "You Ain't Nothin' But A Hound Dawg," but the life style of Elvis Presley and other early rock stars had an incredible effect on college students of the 50's. Standard cars were out and hot rods and motorcycles were in. So were leather jackets and sequins. And short hair (or "the crew-cut") gave way to the sky-high, weirdly-shaped pompadour.)



But not all of life was serious and intense in the 50's. Students also found time for light-hearted fun.



Here are two typical young people of the 50's in a secluded spot on campus. He seeks, he gropes, he meets what seems to be a bitter disappointment. And then when all seems lost, he suddenly triumphs and gets what he has been after all night: under the blanket. He finds his comb.

Another popular college fad in the 50's was the male dormitory raid. Male students would run through female dormitories grabbing coed's panties off the clothes lines and from dressers. Note: The panty raid was also popular on campus in the 60's. Only this time male students ran through female dormitories grabbing coeds' panties off coeds.

Back in the 50's this was a very popular kick. You've heard of the obscene phone call? Well... here is the first obscene phone booth.



Here are two typical anti-war demonstrators in the 60's. The group on the left is demonstrating against the War in Vietnam. The group on the right, however, is made up of students who are high on grass and LSD. They are demonstrating against the War of 1812.

Another factor responsible for causing friction on campus in the 1960's was the explosive emergence of the Black student. (For further information on Black Power see, "The Life of Rap Brown," "The Story of Malcolm X," and a list of the leading scorers in the National Basketball Association).

The 60's brought all kinds of anguish to parents of students who went to out-of-town colleges. Word came back to them of a fantastic new sexual freedom by the Over-Thirty crowd. After all, considering what the students were doing while living together, how could they possibly find time to sleep?

And so as the war raged and campuses exploded and crime ran rampant through the land it looked as if the world was coming to an end. And (over the close of the decade, religious voices could be heard throughout the country: "Prepare for the Second Coming!" Well, as it turned out, Christ couldn't make it again, but Richard Nixon was free.

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '60'S

What happened to cause the vast, bloody upheaval on American college campuses in the 1960's? What event or series of events triggered the blast that set in motion all the explosive forces? Exactly what went wrong in the 60's, you may ask?

Don't ask!

"But we'll try to answer you anyway. For one thing young people began expressing themselves more. A new brand of politics was brought to us by John Kennedy. A new kind of music was brought to us by the Beatles. And a new fashion style was brought to us by the Salvation Army.



This is "The Twist," a 1960's fad made popular by nightstick of chubby Checker. Another form of "The Twist," a 1960's fad made popular by nightstick of chubby cop.

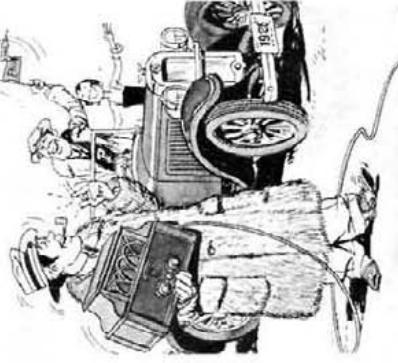
Remember the high pompadour-type hair style so popular on campus in the 50's? Well, it didn't disappear. It just fell down. Usually around the students' ankles. And remember the hangovers students used to get from drinking all that booze? That was replaced in the 60's by "acid" indigestion.

After careful assessment, perhaps the one event that could be held most responsible for bringing on the campus explosion in the 60's was the War in Vietnam.

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '70'S

Since this decade is only half over, it's hard to give a comprehensive view of the 70's. So instead, let's review some of the ground we covered and exactly where we stand in 1975. First of all, let's see what fantastic changes have come over college life and America in general over the past 50 years or so:

In the 20's, students listened to jazz, wore raccoon coats and drove Hupmobiles.



In the 70's, everyone on campus was getting drunk on booze, while a big Depression was lurking right around the corner.



In the 20's, students listened to jazz, wore raccoon coats and drove Hupmobiles.

In the 70's, student nostalgia buffs are listening to jazz, buying funky raccoon coats in rummage shops and driving around in carefully restored, vintage Hupmobiles.



In the 70's, new that pot is just about out, everyone is getting drunk on booze, while another Depression's on the horizon.



In the 70's, the very same thing happened to a joker named Richard Milhouse Nixon.



Well, on second thought, we guess things haven't changed that much . . . But wait a minute, in the middle 1920's when Calvin Coolidge replaced Warren Harding as President, we had a full-fledged clown in the White House. Whereas today our President is . . .

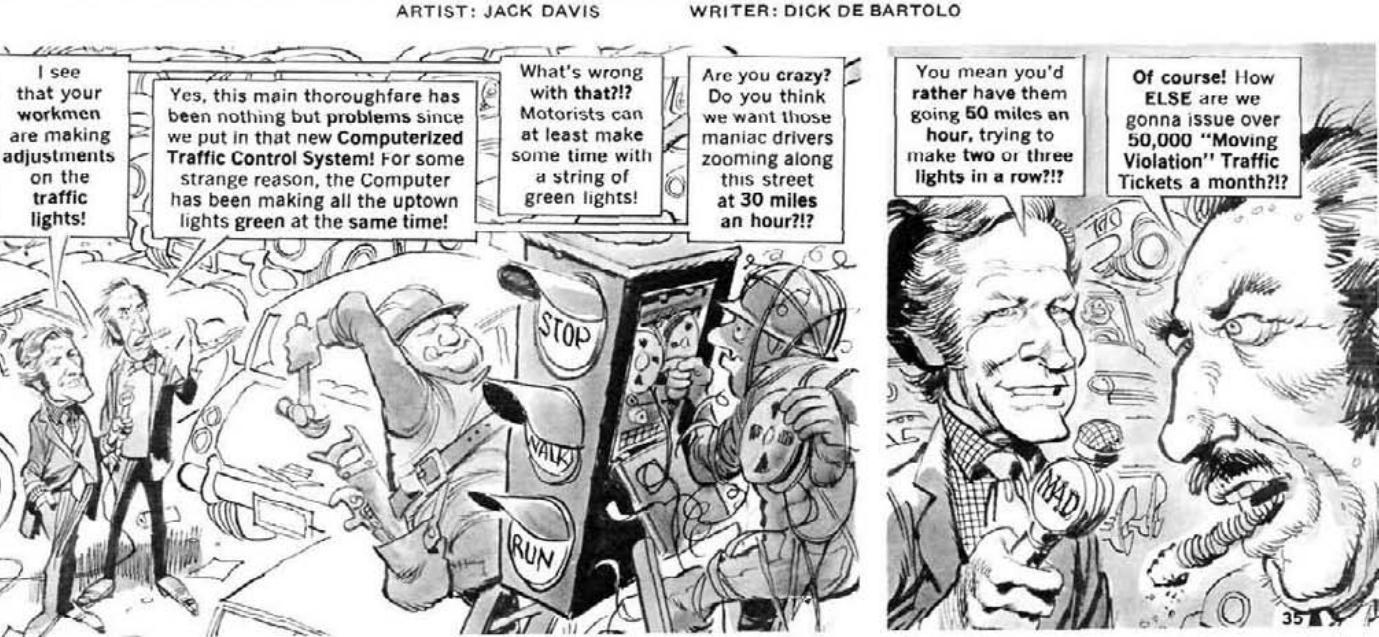
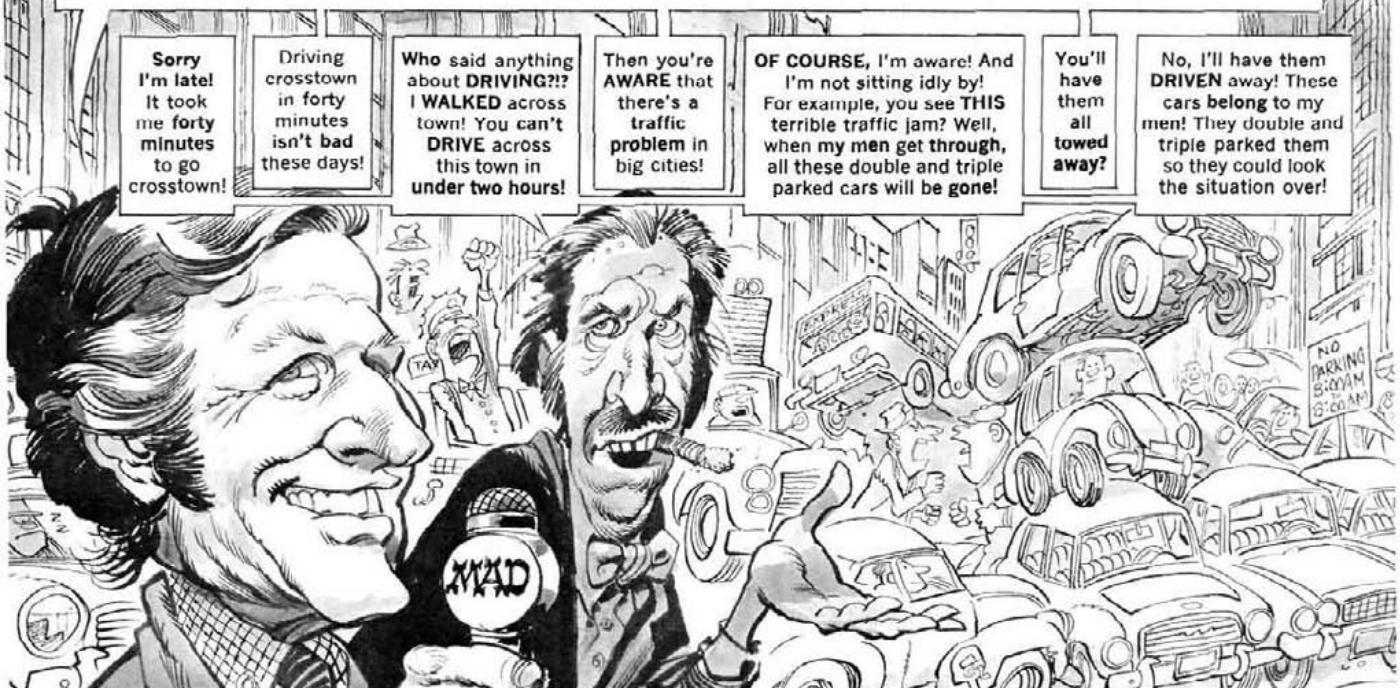


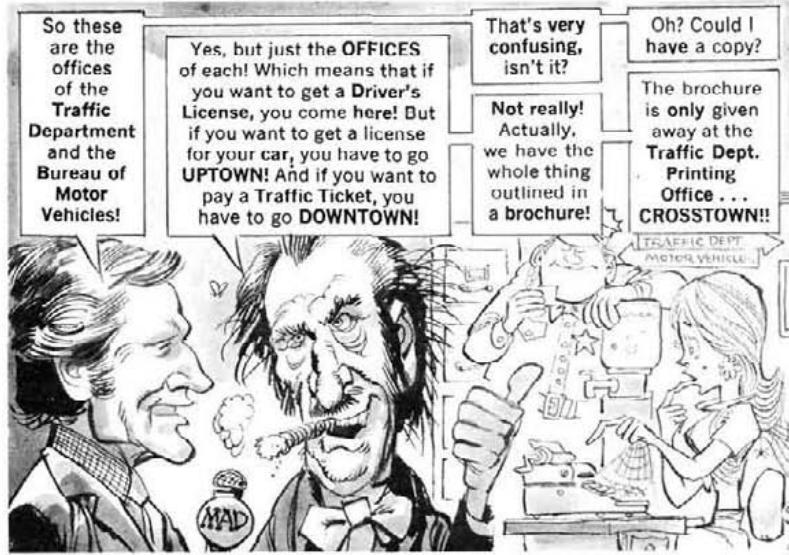
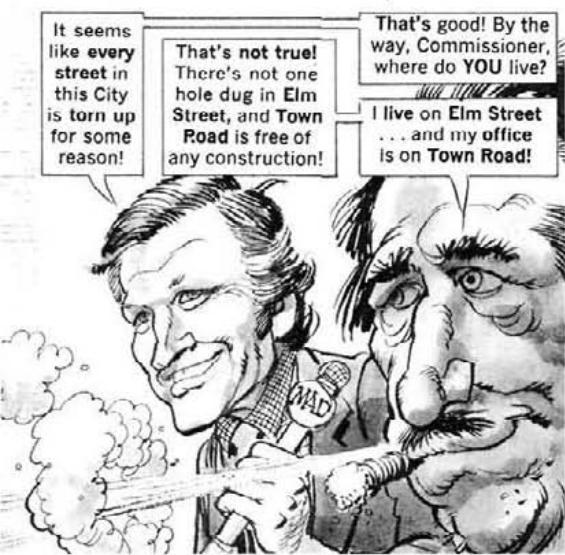
Hmmmm . . .
Come to think of it, things didn't really change at all.

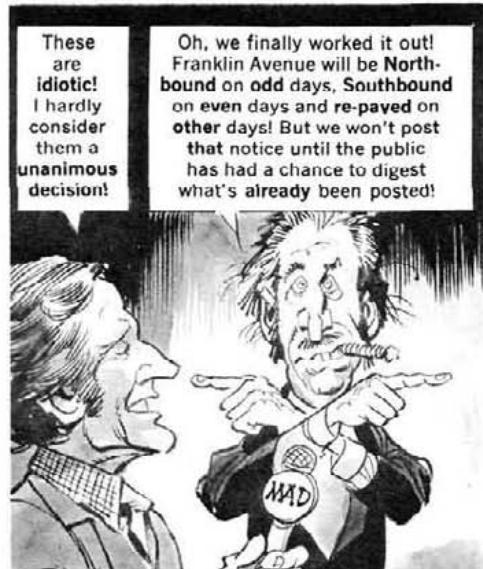
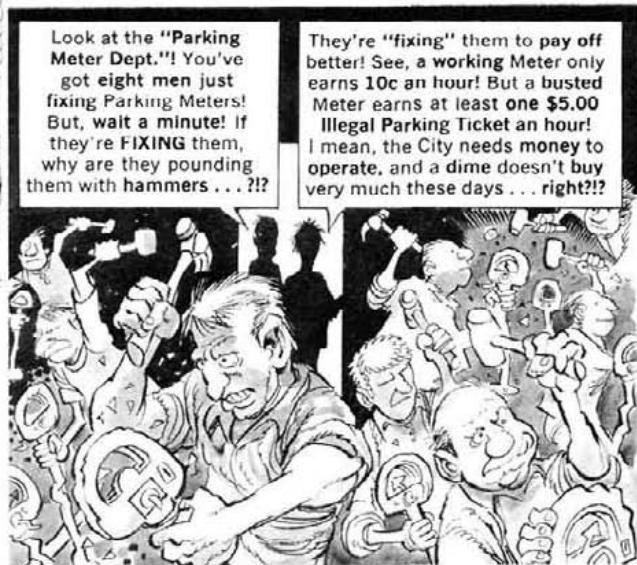
THE COLOSSUS OF ROADS DEPT.

Hi! I'm John Linzey! A **vote** was taken, and I won the job . . . which may be the **worst** thing for my career since becoming **Mayor of New York** . . . but I've stupidly accepted this magazine's assignment to interview Mr. Charles Snaffel who's been named as . . .

MAD'S "TRAFFIC COMMISSIONER" OF THE YEAR







PITY LARCENY DEPT.

It's not that we at MAD don't have any compassion. We do! For example, we feel *sorry* for YOU . . . 'cause you just wasted 50¢ on this magazine. But we really can't feel sorry for all those *other* people who keep trying to *make us* feel sorry for them! It just doesn't work . . . and we're sure you'll agree as you study

A MAD GALLERY OF

PEOPLE IT'S HARD T

No matter how much I eat, I simply cannot gain an ounce!



London and Paris were fine . . . but it rained every day we were in Rome!



You won't believe all the trouble I'm having with my new Mercedes!



It's not easy having a Maid! I'm always worried that she'll *steal* something . . . or drink our liquor!

RESTAURANT



... and the thieves took about \$100,000 worth of my best jewelry! It was horrible . . . just horrible!

Bob
Richard



O FEEL SORRY FOR

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



WE GOT YOUR PENUMBRA DEPT.

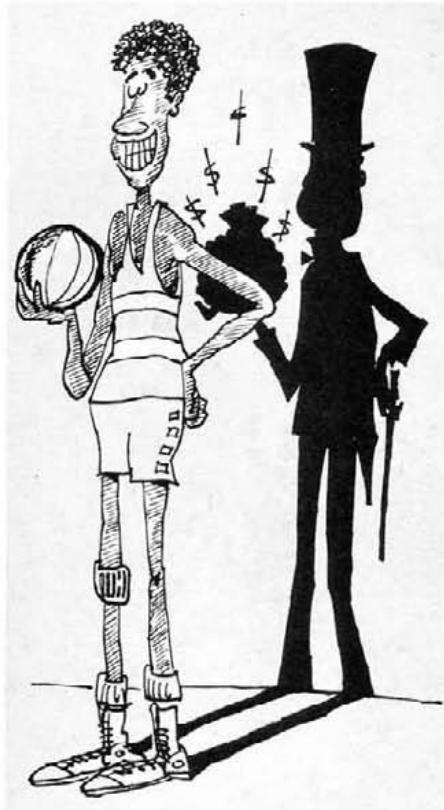
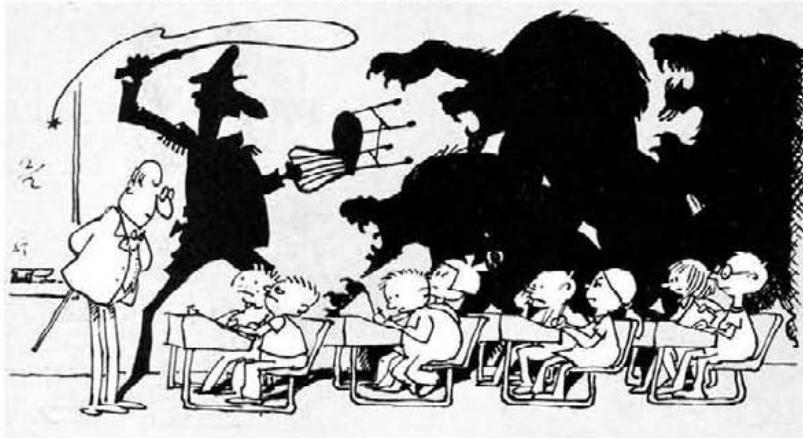
Who Knows What Evils Lurk In **THE SHADOW**



The Hearts Of Men?

KNOWS

WRITER & ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES





DYN-O-MITE SCHTICK DEPT.

About five years ago, "All In The Family" came along, and a new TV trend was established: The "Reality Situation Comedy." And it worked like this: you get a family together, have them scream a lot and expose their personal problems and show them suffering, and the public will laugh themselves sick. Well, not long after, somebody came up with another startling discovery: namely, that America finds only one thing more enjoyable than laughing at a White family's misery . . . and that's laughing at a BLACK family's misery. And so, since it was too late to bring back Slavery, the "Black Sitcom" was born. And the way it succeeded was to be on the Number-One Network, to be a spin-off from a popular "White Sitcom," and to have a



GOOD TIME-SLOT

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

How do they make a down-to-earth realistic series about life in a Black high-rise ghetto? They send out a camera crew and

it plunges into the dirt and filth, and it takes plenty of location shots of depressed Black neighborhoods in Chicago



... and then they tape the show in a White neighborhood back in Hollywood . . . because if you think the White Producers of

this show are gonna take a chance on getting mugged in some depressed Black Ghetto neighborhood in Chicago, you're crazy!

And if you think the Black Stars on this show are gonna take a chance on getting mugged in some Black ghetto, you're even CRAZIER! We got our OWN bundles to protect, Baby!

Hi! I'm Colorado! Not long ago, I worked as a Maid for a Broad on another TV show! And I really put old Big-Mouth in her place! So what happened? In real life if you tell off a Boss, they FIRE you! On TV, they give you your OWN SHOW!!

As you know, our ratings are great and people love us! But everyone keeps asking me, "What does your Husband, Jaimes, do for a living?"

Hi, Baby! I'm home early . . .

Home early from what?

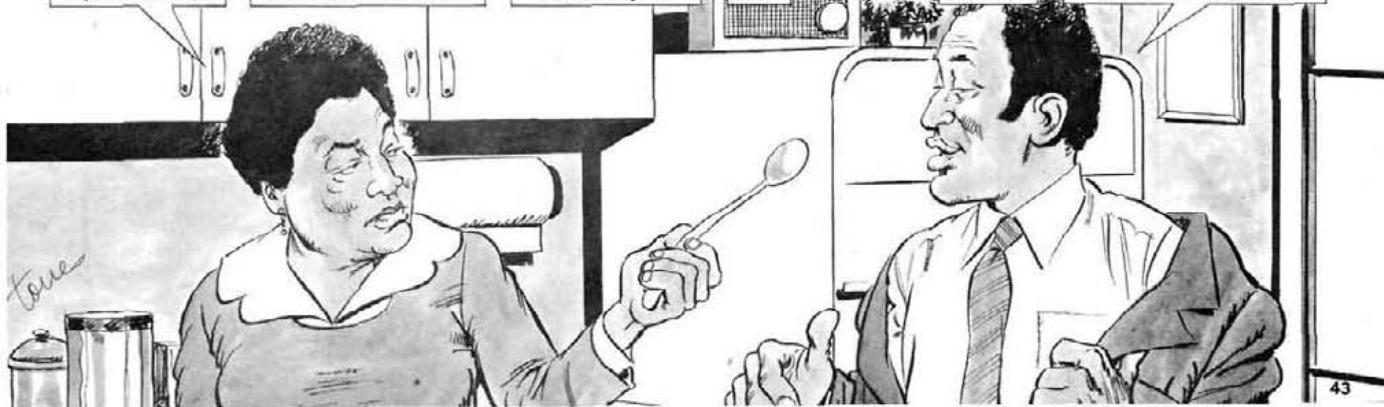
From what ever it is that I do!

Jaimes, it's time you told ME and the TV audience . . . what DO you do all day long?

Okay . . . I'll tell you! Did you ever hear of a White dude by the name of Ozzie Nelson?

You mean the guy who had his own show years ago, and used to go off to a mysterious place to do strange work, and nobody . . . including himself . . . knew where he went, or what kind of work he did?

That's the one! Well . . . I took over HIS JOB!!



And all along,
you thought
I was a bum!

Right!
Now, I
know it!

Well, I guess it's
time for the part
of the show where
we head for the
bedroom and turn
on the people who
love to see **unsexy,**
middle-aged folks
messin' around!

The bedroom . . .
AGAIN!? That's
the 10th time
in 12 hours!
Besides, it's
three in the
afternoon, and
I'm just not
in the mood!

Look, Baby! You
KNOW what we're
trying to **do** in
this show! We're
trying to show
there's **love** in
this house! That
not **ALL** Black
Husbands desert
their families!

Jaimes, honey, would
you do me a favor?

Sure, Baby! Anything!

Why don't you **desert**
your family sometime
. . . like them **OTHER**
Black Husbands do?



The doorbell . . .
NOW!? Oh, God!!

The doorbell now!
THANK GOD!!

Well, it's my life-long sexy
friend, Mahroan—who happens
to live in our building, and
who is, for some weird reason,
still unattached! What vital
news do you have for us today
which will advance the plot-
line of this week's show . . . ?

I just want
to say it's
supposed to
rain on
Thursday!

No! Now, I'm gonna
shake everything I've
got for a minute or
so . . . and then **leave!**
And **THAT** will take
care of the **REAL**
sexual excitement the
people out there want!

That's . . .
that's IT!?



I can't get over
it, Mahroan! Who
in the audience
will believe that
you . . . who looks
like Colorado's
DAUGHTER . . .
could really be
her **OLD FRIEND**?

Why, the same
people who'll
believe that,
after all my
visits here, a
big healthy
stud like you
hasn't attacked
me yet!

Hi, kids! Did
anything
interesting
happen in
SCHOOL today?

Something
sure did,
Mama . . .

Tell us all
about it in
that adorable
Black slang
that our **White**
audience has
grown to
love, Selma!

Okay! Here goes! I
was combin' my 'Fro
when this jive-turkey
comes up to me and
says, "Hey, foxy mama,
we gotta get it down!"
So I says to him,
"Get lost, schmuck!"

Selma, this is
a realistic
Black show
about real
Black people!
Since when do
we use the
word "schmuck"?

I guess
our
White
Jewish
writers
get
carried
away
sometimes!



GeeGee,
I gotta
talk to
you before
you go
into your
routine!

Be right with you,
Dad! But first,
big adorable me
is going into two
minutes of my
regular weekly
moronic "cute"!

First,
I begin
with
my
"Loosey-
Goosey
WALK"!

It's too
late to
talk to
him,
Jaimes!
The show
is ON!

Then, I segue into
my screamingly funny
"hat" routine, which
always wows them at
family picnics, New
Year's Eve parties,
and dull funerals!

GeeGee,
stop
jiving
around!
We are
in big
trouble!

And lastly, I charm
you with a smile
which, in sheer
haunting beauty,
closely resembles a
constipated Black
dinosaur in heat!

I ask you
... is it
any wonder
that all
America
adores
me?!



GeeGee, listen to me! The family
is in probably its **worst crisis**
ever! We haven't paid our rent,
and the Landlord is sending up
his men to throw us out on the
street, where we may **freeze** ...
and possibly **starve** to death!

Oh, Man, that's tough!
And now, if I may, I'd
like to offer my **mature,**
carefully-thought-out
observation on our new
and dire predicament!

I—I wish
you would,
Son! What
is it ...?

It's just
this ...



DYN-O-MITE!!



Jaimes!
Look at
the room
shake!
What is
that? An
earthquake?

No, that's a hundred million
Americans rolling on the floor
with laughter the way they **do**
whenever he says that! Which
proves the **old** theory that the
average American TV Viewer has
the mentality of a 12-year-old!

Daddy,
I'M a
12-year-
old, and
I'M not
laughing!

Good
Lord,
it's
gone down
to
11 ...

Hey, Edmonds! Open up!
The Landlord sent us!
We got some bad news,
some good news, and
some more bad news!
The first bad news is:
We're throwing you out
onto the street ...

We'll freeze
to death ...!
Then we'll
BROIL to
death ...!
Now for the
GOOD news! You
CAN'T freeze
to death! It's
98° out there!

Right!
THAT'S
the other
bad news!



Hey, give us a break! We're poor and simple down-to-earth Black folks . . . just trying to make ends meet!

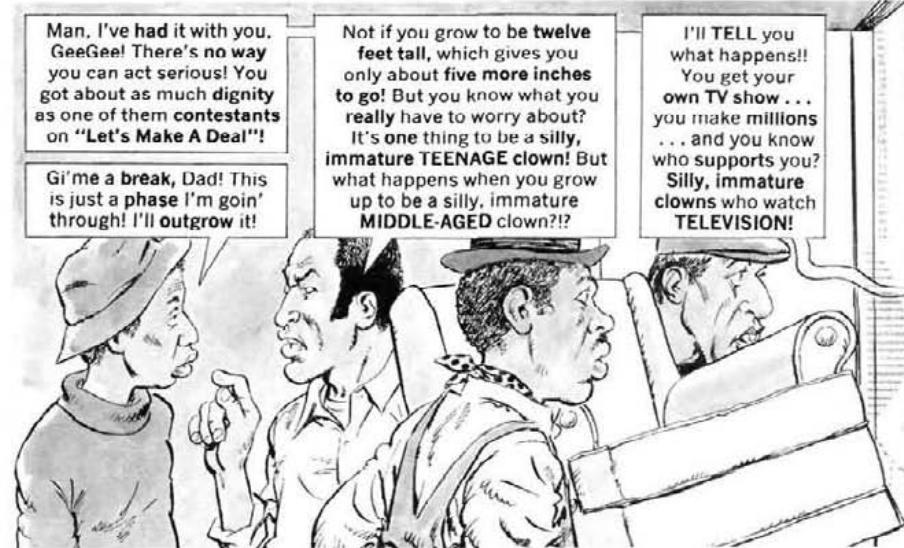
We'll raise the money somehow! Please give us a little more time—that's all!

Open the door and we'll discuss it!

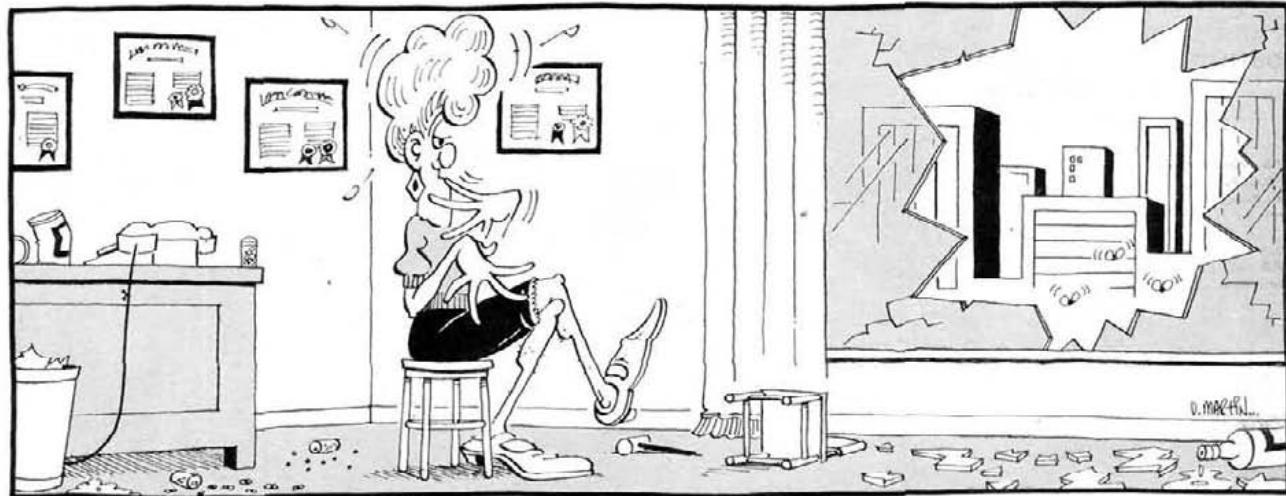
Look, we still got a fighting chance! We gotta show them how troubled and desperate we are, and play on their sympathies! Which means no clowning around! GeeGee, do you think that once in your life you can act like a dignified human being instead of something out of a dumb cartoon?

Oh, Man, I resent that! Sure I live around with the family! But do you think in a life-and-death situation like this I wouldn't know how to handle myself? With the whole future of my family at stake, do you think I'd be so stupid and insensitive that I'd act like somebody out of a dumb cartoon???

Forgive me, Son! Now, open the door!



LATE ONE AFTERNOON IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE



IN WHAT
IMPORTANT
BOWL GAME
ARE THERE
NOTHING
BUT
LOSERS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

We are all familiar with the major bowl games, and we also know that in each, there are always winners as well as losers. But there is one important bowl game in which there are nothing but losers. To find out which bowl game we mean, fold in page as shown.



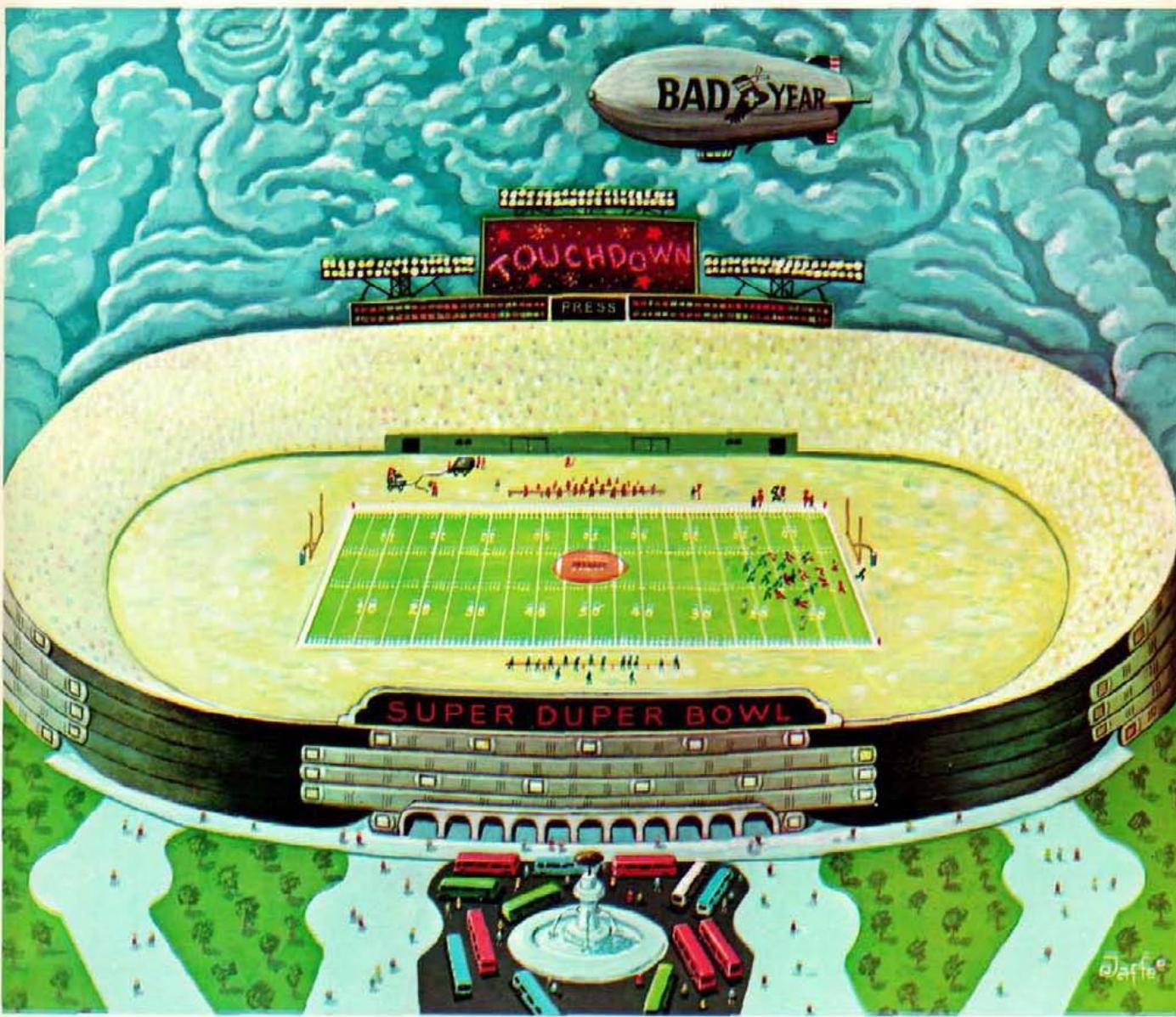
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



THE EMPHASIS PLACED UPON "WINNING" IS AN EVIL NECESSITY
FOOTBALL DEMANDS. BUT LET US ALSO REMEMBER THE SAD
BACKWARD ARENAS WHERE MORE DESPERATE PLAYERS PROWL

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A

B



JAMES DORTOOGHER 1942

I WANT, TOO